

POLK COUNTY OBSERVER

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NO. 27

NEWS OF COUNTY TOWNS

NEWPORT NOTES.

Dr. and Mrs. W. S. Cary arrived at Newport, Friday, for a short vacation. Verne Johnson and Eugene Byerley were among the visitors arriving here Friday to stay over Sunday.

Mrs. F. J. Coad went to her home in Dallas, Saturday, for a few days' visit, returning to Newport, Thursday.

Saturday's arrivals were Mr. and Mrs. J. Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. William Paul, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Fuller, J. T. Johnson and family, Miss Edna Scott, Miss Fay Percival and Attorney Oscar Hayter.

The launch "Lady Marie" was chartered Sunday for a trip to Toledo and return. A large party made the short cruise and it proved to be a most enjoyable affair. Among those in the party were: Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Dalton, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Woods, of Chemawa; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Biley and little son, Paul; Dr. and Mrs. M. L. Thompson, of Falls City; Mrs. Ed. F. Coad and daughter, Ava; Misses Hallie Coad, Emma Dempsey, Frankie Hayter, Lucile Dalton, Evelyn Woods; Mesera. Roy Sparks and Carl Featon.

Just at present, the list of those departing for their homes after having spent their vacation at the seashore, is considerably larger than the list of arrivals. On Friday, Dr. A. B. Starbuck returned home after a three-week stay, and on Saturday, D. C. Orider and family, Mrs. Hardy Holman and family, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Talbot, Mrs. Lydia D'Laschmutt, Mrs. W. W. Ulney, Mrs. Ella Butler, Miss Essie Frakes, Mitchell Butler and Nolis Dimick. Those returning on Monday were Dr. and Mrs. M. L. Thompson, Mrs. A. F. Toner, Miss Nora Robertson and E. V. Dalton, and on Tuesday, Mr. and Mrs. J. Whitney, Mrs. Mary Miner, Mrs. T. J. Hayter, Miss Emma Dempsey and Miss Frankie Hayter.

MONMOUTH.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Grover are visiting in Albany.

Charles Herren returned from a trip to Tillamook, Thursday.

Professor Robinson is spending his summer vacation in Chiloquo.

The wheat yield in this vicinity is averaging about 30 bushels to the acre.

Mrs. Stella Hampton, of Donley, is visiting relatives and friends in Monmouth.

Mr. Bogart will soon be ready to move his stock of furniture in his fine new building.

The Monmouth cannery has been temporarily closed but will soon be reopened and running again.

The people of Monmouth are having some difficulty in becoming accustomed to the new train service.

Mrs. H. Butler has several carpenters at work rebuilding the house which was destroyed by fire this summer.

James Huntley's farm near Independence yielded 100 bushels to the acre this year. A truly remarkable record.

A. P. Campbell and family left

Saturday for Eugene, where Mr. Campbell has a position in the State University.

J. B. V. Butler and Dr. O. D. Butler returned Saturday from a successful hunting and fishing trip in the mountains.

William Evans, of Barlow, has rented the Gordon property and will make his home in this city. He has purchased the Normal Book Store and has already taken charge of the new business.

INDEPENDENCE.

Miss Grace Jones returned from Newport, Monday.

W. H. Riggs was a Portland visitor the last of the week.

J. A. Mills, of Salem, was in town the first of the week.

Mrs. S. Goff has returned from an outing at Slab Creek.

Clyde Hill, of Eastern Oregon, is visiting relatives here.

Clarence Clodfelter, of Jefferson, visited relatives here this week.

Clarence Irvine, of Portland, is looking after business interests here.

Mrs. James Robinson died at her home here Sunday night, after a long illness.

Mrs. G. W. Conkey is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McDevitt, in Dallas.

Cement walks are being put in front of Wilson's grocery store and McCabe's photograph gallery.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Wagoner, of Portland, are visiting at the home of their daughter, Mrs. W. B. Allin.

The new steel bridge at the north end of Main street is almost completed and will soon be open to public travel.

Mrs. J. R. Cooper and daughters, Ivy and Lavilla, have returned home from Black Rock, where they spent the past few weeks.

The members of the Leisure Hour Reading Club were entertained by several of the ladies at the home of Mrs. A. Nelson, Friday afternoon.

FALLS CITY.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Willet, Monday, August 17, a son.

J. M. Gard and family, of Dallas, were Falls City visitors Thursday.

A. E. Myers and family returned last week from a trip to the coast.

Mrs. C. W. Travis returned last Friday from a visit with her children in Idaho.

Charles Godley and J. H. Hembree, of Elk City, were Falls City visitors, Saturday.

County Fruit Inspector R. B. Nelson, of Independence, was an official visitor in Falls City last week.

Charles Palmer has been summoned to Duluth, Minnesota, by the news of the critical illness of his mother.

Charles Hartung left Saturday for Boise, Idaho, for a visit with his mother whom he has not seen for more than 16 years.

Justin Hunter was severely bruised recently while attempting to throw off the belt of a threshing machine, with a grubbing hoe.

SOME RAMBLING THOUGHTS

Notes By the Way From the Former Editor of the Polk County Observer.

PUEBLO, Colo., Aug. 12.—(To the Editor.)—Before leaving Dallas on my tour of idleness, I was asked by a number of readers of the Observer if I purposed writing occasional letters to the paper. I answered that if, at any time, I should happen to observe anything that I thought might be of interest, I would write—otherwise, not. I have all too little patience with those well-meaning, but misguided people who occasionally wander from their own frescoes and pester their friends with souvenir postal cards and their local papers with dry, dull letters, descriptive of places with which many of the readers are doubtless more familiar than they are.

How often do we pick up our home newspaper and read something like this: "Dear Editor—Having promised my many friends to give them an account of my trip, I shall now endeavor to carry out that promise. We bade our friends good-bye on the afternoon of August 10, and, after a pleasant ride of five hours, arrived in Portland, where at 10:30 p. m., we boarded the train for San Francisco, in which city we arrived 36 hours later," and so on and so forth. I was about to say, "and so on, ad nauseam."

It evidently never occurs to these well-meaning travelers that hundreds of people ride every day of the year, and that if a passenger has a ticket, and stays on the train, and doesn't fall off, he will arrive in San Francisco as sure as death and taxes. He simply can't help himself. So what's the use?

If one were traveling in a foreign land, where the country was new and strange, and the customs of the natives different from those of the people at home, there might be some excuse for descriptive letters; but even then it must be remembered that few writers have the gift of making such letters really entertaining.

Here in our own country, where the industries and resources and scenery and the habits of the people of one state are familiar to a large portion of the inhabitants of every other state, there is absolutely no place in a local newspaper for descriptive correspondence, unless one is able to draw comparisons and present new ideas that will prove beneficial to the people of one's home community and of interest to one's friends.

There is, however, one exception, and that applies to visitors from the Eastern and Middle states who may chance to visit the Western country and write back to their home papers to tell of its resources and advantages. The tide of emigration is ever westward, and any literature descriptive of the Pacific Coast states is eagerly read by the people living east of the Rocky Mountains, and therefore possesses news value. But I take it for granted that no one from Oregon is contemplating moving to Colorado, or New Mexico, or Arizona, and for that reason I shall attempt to give the Observer's readers nothing farther than a few personal experiences and observations, from time to time, accompanied by such suggestions as will, in my humble judgment, prove beneficial to the people of my home town and county.

If, by studying the various methods of farming and stockraising pursued by the people of the Southwestern states, or by observing the different systems of municipal improvement in the many towns visited, I may be able to show how Dallas and Polk County are in the lead, or in the rear of the march of progress, and how they may profit by the experience of the people of other communities, I shall be content. Such comparisons, taken together with a few brief descriptions of places of principal interest to me, will be all that I shall attempt to furnish your readers. Be it understood that I am taking this trip for rest and recreation and that I am not going to exert myself in any capacity for the next few months. It might not be out of place to concede that, having patiently followed my writing for seventeen long years, the readers of the Observer are also entitled to a few months' rest.

Enroute for San Francisco, I purchased a copy of the Oregonian, and my attention was attracted by the headline, "Patients Well Cared For." Following was an article highly complimentary to Doctor Steiner, the new superintendent of the Oregon Insane Asylum. After describing at length how ably the institution is being managed, and how well the patients are being cared for, the paper said: "Dr. Steiner is taking a great interest in the detail work of the institution and we may look for great improvement in the near future in the care of our insane." Praise that was worthily bestowed and richly deserved.

A few days before leaving Oregon, I visited the asylum and had an opportunity to observe the practical management of the big institution that shelters within its walls over 1700 of the state's unfortunate people. While one cannot fail to be favorably impressed with the well-planned system in effect in every department, it is of the Superintendent himself that I de-

sire to speak. I can truthfully say that I never had a more gratifying experience than that of my visit through the wards in company with the kind and humane Doctor who has charge of Oregon's asylum for the insane. Stopping here to exchange greetings with a physician or attendant, (all of whom, it is plainly evident, hold him in the highest respect and esteem); pausing there to fondle some poor, deformed child, to exchange pleasantries with the men, or to gently shake the hand of some silver-haired grandmother; listening patiently to all complaints, and then offering a kindly word to soothe the dissatisfied spirit; holding the hand and looking with tender solicitude into the dull eyes of some unfortunate child, meanwhile talking calmly and earnestly, as if in hope of leading the poor, wandering mind back into the path of reason—oh, well, it was all done as only Dr. Steiner can do it.

Nearly every one of the patients seemed to recognize the Superintendent as soon as he stepped into the ward, and it was a pleasing, yet pathetic, sight to watch the smile of eager expectancy lighting up the sad, tired faces, as he greeted them in turn and called each by name. A kind-hearted, good man, who deserves all the complimentary things that the people or press of Oregon may say about him.

I know what the Doctor will say when he reads these lines, and I know that I will have to account to him personally when I return to Oregon next spring; but he will please remember that the asylum is a public institution and that we have a right to visit it as often as we like, and to tell about it, if we want to. And I want to; for the care of the insane is a matter of deep interest to every right-minded man and woman in Oregon, and it will be comforting to all to know that these unfortunate people are in good hands.

San Francisco! Two years ago a scene of ruin and desolation such as was never seen in any other city of the world; today, a live and bustling metropolis, justly holding the title of the Queen City of the Pacific Coast. The rebuilding of the business district in the face of unfavorable financial conditions has been nothing less than marvelous, and is the best evidence of the spirit that has made the Golden Gate city one of the great commercial centers of the world. Earthquakes may wreck and fire destroy, but the San Francisco spirit will go right on living.

Market street presents a scene of remarkable activity, and the burned territory to the north is being slowly, but steadily, rebuilt with modern structures of steel and iron. It is too much to say that the city will be as good as new within the next five years, or probably within the next ten years, but it is fair to predict that within the next quarter of a century no evidence will remain of the awful disaster of two years ago. The work may be progressing slowly, but it is a pretty safe bet that it will be finished before Henry and Burns secure the punishment of Hebrew Abe and the Fiddling Mayor; not that these two worthies are not guilty, but rather because the Spreebles sack is long and the city treasury big and easy.

Construction work of all kinds is practically at a standstill now on account of the closeness of the Eastern money market, but San Francisco is feeling the depression no more than dozens of other large cities in the United States. The people are all hopeful, and the prediction is freely made that next year will see building activity under full way again. Plucky old Frisco! She may be badly beat, but she lacks a whole lot of being broken.

Coming over from San Francisco to Ogden, it was my misfortune to find myself in the same car with a bunch of Eastern tourists—one of those parties that goes out to visit the Western country expecting to see something wild and woolly—and returns home disappointed. Have you ever traveled with one of these excursion parties? If you have, it is needless for me to warn you to avoid them as you would a pestilence. A lot of long-haired men and loud-voiced women, who in some way, manage to dig up just enough money to pay the cheap railroad fare and buy seats in the Pullman car, and then proceed to make intolerable nuisances of themselves. They hog—the best of everything, and then go home cussing the country. Oh, they know all about the country, although they have only seen it from the car window. They know everything there is to know, and when they pass away, all knowledge and wisdom will die with them.

Remember the tourists Mark Twain encountered in the Holy Land, and with whom he was obliged to travel for a few days? Mark called them the Pilgrims, and his description of them is delightfully amusing. Well, these people remind me of Mark's pilgrims. They saw everything first, and they saw some things they didn't see. For instance: While crossing the sandy desert on the western shore of Salt Lake, these pilgrims saw the water about 50 miles before we came

in sight of it. With the cry of "water," they would all rush out onto the platform, only to see the waves receding in front of the train and closing in behind it. Then they would all come sneaking back and busy themselves criticizing the country until some other Pilgrim would see water and sound the alarm. Somehow, it never occurred to any of the rest of us to inform them that the atmosphere in this high altitude often plays queer pranks on the eyesight. Why should one trouble one's self to tell things to people who know it all, anyway?

The Great Salt Lake valley is one of the garden spots of the world—and yet, a more desolate and forbidding country than that immediately surrounding it would be difficult to imagine. Rugged, barren mountains, whose summits reach into the very clouds, wall it in on the north, east and south, while on the west is the lake with its dreary waste of desert shore. One cannot help wondering what were the feelings of the little band of followers of Brigham Young when they arrived footsore and weary from their long journey across the plains and beheld the first glimpse of the Promised Land—a desert of sand and sage that would have made an ordinary ash heap seem moist and fertile! It may have been that the deep and abiding faith in the wisdom and foresight of their leader was what saved him from summary punishment at the hands of his meek and lowly followers, but I have often surmised that the only reason he was not promptly hanged on the spot was because there was nothing to hang him to.

But those old Mormon leaders were wise beyond their day and generation. They foresaw then what it took the Government nearly a half century to find out, namely, that the sagebrush desert of the Western states needed only the magic touch of water to transform it into a veritable paradise for the husbandman. And so, the first thing they did was to put their disciples to work digging a water ditch, and they kept them so busy at that that there was no time for grumbling, or much of anything else, save on one or two occasions when holidays were declared for the purpose of killing off a few Gentile emigrants who chanced to be passing that way.

When the big ditch was finally completed, the water was turned into it, but the ground was so thirsty that the flood, mighty as it was in volume, could gain only a few inches each day. So while the desert valley was taking its big drink, the Prophet gave his people a little more light exercise—this time in the nature of laying out a city and building a place of worship. And your Uncle Brigham didn't do things by halves. He laid out his city on generous lines, and he heeded to those lines and let the chips take care of themselves. And he builded a temple the like of which is nowhere else to be seen—a pile of stone and mortar that makes the other famous temples of history seem about the size of an ordinary hen house by comparison. To my mind, that temple is the biggest thing between Mount Shasta and the Chicago stock yards. You can see it 40 miles (approximately) before reaching the city, and you can see it 40 miles (on a right clear day) after leaving. It's magnitude and evident costliness of construction make Uncle Ed's big trestle across the lake look like an amateur's half-try. It isn't quite as tall as the Rocky Mountains, but it is larger.

If my readers doubt any of these assertions, or if my history of the early Mormons is slightly mixed, they may refer to Judge Coad or George Hawkins for more accurate information. George and the Judge used to live out here in Salt Lake City, but they took the precaution not to move here until scalping strangers had ceased to be a popular pastime.

But to get back to our temple. Please to remember, your good old brother who are always kicking every time your church needs a new roof, that this place of worship was 40 years in the building, and that each individual "saint" was required to dig up one-tenth of his yearly income to help foot the bill—while at the same time he was building numerous homes and buying numerous Spring bonnets for his numerous wives, and rustling bread and meat for his modest little Roosevelt family of 40 or 50 children.

Now, don't get the idea in your head that I am comparing you to a Mormon, but just think the matter over, and then, when your church needs new blinds, and you are asked for a quarter, don't make a noise like the one John Grant hears about the list of March of each year, but go and buy your one wife that summer dress she is longing for, and is too timid to ask for, and next Sunday when the two of you go out to morning services and the deacon slips the plate around your way, drop in a dollar instead of a nickel—and be thankful that you are not a Mormon!

Speaking of Brigham: Just north of Provo, high up on the mountain

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